

# LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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## LETTERS TO SUCH OF THE LOVERS OF KNOWLEDGE AS HAVE NOT HAD A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

### LETTER II. ANACREON.

We intended to have begun these letters with the oldest and greatest of the Greek poets, Homer; but the want of a book or two prevents us, and we turn for consolation to Anacreon, also an old poet, who gives it us abundantly. So much so, that we no sooner think of him, than war and its heroics, even in Homer, seem ridiculous; and the only sensible thing in life (provided we were Greeks) appears to be, to sit drinking wine under a myrtle tree, crowned with roses, and admiring a pretty girl.

Even Anacreon, however, though of a genius pretty obvious to most readers who are not blinded by mere scholarship, contrives to be misunderstood by great numbers who fancy themselves intimate with him. It has been said of ladies when they write letters, that they put their minds in their postscripts—let out the real object of their writing, as if it were a second thought, or a thing comparatively indifferent. You very often know the amount of a man's knowledge of an author by the remark he makes on him, *after* he has made the one which he thinks proper and *authorized*. As for example, you will mention Anacreon to your friend A. in a tone which implies that you wish to know his opinion of him, and he shall say—

"Delightful poet, Anacreon—breathes the very spirit of love and wine. His Greek is very easy."

All the real opinion of this gentleman respecting Anacreon lie in what he says in these last words. His Greek is easy; that is, our scholar has had less trouble in learning to read him than with other Greek poets. This is all he really thinks or feels about the "delightful Anacreon."

So with B. You imply a question to B. in the same tone, and he answers, "Anacreon! Oh! a most delightful poet Anacreon—charming—all love and wine. The best edition of him is Spalletti's."

This is all that B. knows of Anacreon's "love and wine." "The best edition of it is Spalletti's;" that is to say, Spalletti is the Anacreon wine-merchant most in repute.

So again with C. as to his knowledge of the translations of the "delightful poet."

"Translations of Anacreon! Delightful poet—too delightful, too natural and peculiar to be translated—simplicity—naïveté—Fawkes's translation is elegant—Moore's very elegant, but diffuse.—Nobody can translate Anacreon. Impossible to give any idea of the exquisite simplicity of the Greek."

This gentleman has never read Cowley's translations from Anacreon; and if he had, he would not have known which part of them was truly Anacreontic, and which not. He makes up his mind that it is impossible to give "any idea of the exquisite simplicity of the Greek," meaning by that assertion, that he himself cannot, and therefore nobody else can. His sole idea of Anacreon is, that he is a writer famous for certain beauties which it is impossible to translate. As to supposing that the spirit of Anacreon may occasionally be met with in poets who have not translated him, and that you may thus get an idea of him without recurring to the Greek at all, this is what never entered his head: for Nature has nothing to do with his head; it is only books and translations. Love, nature, myrtles, roses, wine, have existed ever since the days of Anacreon; yet he thinks nobody ever chanced to look at these things with the same eyes.

Thus there is one class of scholars who have no idea of Anacreon except that he is easy to read; another, who confine their notions of him to a particular edition; and a third, who look upon him as consisting in a certain elegant impossibility to translate. There are more absurdities of pretended scholarship, on this and all other writers, which the truly learned laugh at, and know to be no scholarship at all. Our present business is to attempt to give some idea of what they think and feel with regard to Anacreon, and what all intelligent men would think and feel, if they understood Greek terms for natural impressions. To be unaffectedly charmed with the loveliness of a cheek, and the beauty of a flower, are the first steps to a knowledge of Anacreon. Those are the grammar of his Greek, and pretty nearly the dictionary too.

Little is known of the life of Anacreon. There is reason to believe that he was born among the richer classes; that he was a visitor at the courts of princes; and that agreeably to a genius which was great enough, and has given enough delight to the world, to warrant such a devotion of itself to its enjoyments, he kept aloof from the troubles of his time, or made the best of them, and tempted them to spare his door. It may be concluded of him, that his existence, (so to speak) was passed in a garden; for he lived to be old; which in a man of his sensibility and indolence, implies a life pretty free from care. It is said that he died at the age of eighty-five, and was then choked with a grape-stone; a fate generally thought to be a little too allegorical to be likely. He was born on the coast of Ionia (part of the modern Turkey,) at Teos, a town south of Smyrna, in the midst of a country of wine, oil, and sunshine; and thus partook strongly of those influences of climate which undoubtedly occasion varieties in genius, as in other productions of nature. As to the objectionable parts of his morals, they belonged to his age and have no essential or inseparable connection with his poetry. We are therefore glad to be warranted in saying nothing about them. All the objectionable passages might be taken out of Anacreon, and he would still be Anacreon; and the most virtuous might read him as safely as they read of flowers and butterflies. Cowley, one of the best of men, translated some of his most Anacreontic poems. We profess to breathe his air in the same spirit as Cowley, and shall assuredly bring no poison out of it to our readers. The truly virtuous are as safe in the pages of the London Journal as they can be in their own homes and gardens. But cheerfulness is a part of our religion, and we chuse to omit not even grapes in it, any more than nature has omitted them.

Imagine then a good-humoured old man, with silver locks, but a healthy and cheerful face, sitting in the delightful climate of Smyrna, under his vine or his olive, with his lute by his side, a cup of his native wine before him, and a pretty peasant girl standing near him, who has, perhaps, brought him a basket of figs, or a bottle of milk corked with vine leaves, and to whom he is giving a rose, or pretending to make love.

For we are not, with the gross literality of dull or vicious understandings, to take for granted every thing that a poet says, on all occasions, especially when he is old. It is mere gratuitous and suspicious assumption in critics who tell us, that such men as Anacreon passed "whole lives" in the indulgence of "every excess and debauchery." They must have had, in the first place, prodigious constitutions, if they did, to live to be near ninety; and secondly, it does not follow that because a poet speaks like a poet, it has therefore taken such a vast deal to give him a taste, greater than other men's, for what he enjoys. Redi, the author of the most famous Bacchanalian poem in Italy, drank little but water. St. Evremont, the French wit, an epicure pro-

fessed, was too good an epicure not to be temperate and preserve his relish. Debauchees, who are foxhunters, live to be old, because they take a great deal of exercise; but it is not likely that inactive men should; unless they combined a relish for pleasure with some very particular kinds of temperance.

There is generally, in Anacreon's earnest, a touch of something which is not in earnest,—which plays with the subject, as a good-humoured old man plays with children. There is a perpetual smile on his face between enthusiasm and levity. He truly likes the objects he looks upon, (otherwise he could not have painted them truly) and he will retain as much of his youthful regard for them as he can. He does retain much, and he pleasantly pretends more. He loves wine, beauty, flowers, pictures, sculptures, dances, birds, brooks, kind and open natures, every thing that can be indolently enjoyed; not, it must be confessed, with the deepest innermost perception of their beauty (which is more a characteristic of modern poetry than of ancient, owing to the difference of their creeds) but with the most elegant of material perceptions,—of what lies in the surface and tangibility of objects,—and with an admirable exemption from whatsoever does not belong to them,—from all false taste and the mixture of impertinences. With regard to the rest, he had all the sentiment which good nature implies, and nothing more.

Upon those two points of luxury and good taste the character of Anacreon, as a poet, wholly turns. He is the poet of indolent enjoyment, in the best possible taste, and with the least possible trouble. He will enjoy as much as he can, but he will take no more pains about it than he can help, not even to praise it. He would probably talk about it, half the day long; for talking would cost him nothing, and it is natural to old age; but when he comes to write about it, he will say no more than the impulse of the moment incites him to put down, and he will say it in the very best manner, both because the truth of his perception requires it, and because an affected style and superfluous words would give him trouble. He would, it is true, take just so much trouble, if necessary, as should make his style completely suitable to his truth; and if his poems were not so short, it would be difficult to a modern writer to think that they could flow into such excessive ease and spirit as they do if he had not taken the greatest pains to make them. But besides his impulses, he had the habit of a life upon him. Hence the compositions of Anacreon are remarkable, above all others in the world, for being "short and sweet." They are the very thing, and nothing more, required by the occasion; for the animal spirits, which would be natural in other men, and might lead them into superfluities, would not be equally so to one, who adds the indolence of old age to the niceties of natural taste: and therefore as people boast, on other occasions, of calling things by their right names, and "a spade a spade," so when Anacreon describes a beauty or a banquet, or wishes to convey his sense to you of a flower, or a grasshopper, or a head of hair, *there it is*; as true and as free from every thing foreign to it, as the thing itself.

Look at a myrtle-tree, or a hyacinth, inhale its fragrance, admire its leaves or blossom, then shut your eyes, and think how exquisitely the myrtle tree is *what it is*, and how beautifully unlike every thing else,—how pure in simple yet cultivated grace. Such is one of the odes of Anacreon.

This may not be a very scholastic description; but we wish it to be something better; and we write to genial apprehensions. We would have them conceive a state of Anacreon, as they would that of his grapes; and know him by his flavour.

It must be conceded to one of our would-be scholarly friends above mentioned, that there is no translation, not even of any one ode of Anacreon's, in the English language, which gives you an entirely right notion of it. The common-place elegancies of Fawkes (who was best when he was humblest, as in his ballad of "Dear Tom, this brown jug") are out of the question. They are as bad as Hoole's Ariosto. Mr. Moore's translation is masterly of its kind, but its kind is not Anacreon's; as he would, perhaps, be the first to say, now; for it was a work of his youth. It is too oriental, diffuse, and ornamented; an Anacreon in Persia. The best English translations are those which Cowley has given us, although diffuseness is their fault also; but they have more of Anacreon's real animal spirits, and his contentment with objects themselves, apart from what he can say about them. Cowley is most in earnest. He thinks most of what his original was thinking, and least of what is expected from his translator.

We will give a specimen of him presently. But it is not to be supposed that we have no passages in the writings of English poets, that convey to an unlearned reader a thorough idea of Anacreon. Prose cannot do it, though far better sometimes as a translation of verse, than verse itself, since the latter may destroy the original both in spirit and medium too. But prose, as a translation of verse, wants, of necessity, that sustained enthusiasm of poetry, which presents the perpetual charm of a triumph over the obstacle of metre, and turns it to an accompaniment and a dance. Readers, therefore, must not expect a right idea of Anacreon from the best prose versions; though, keeping in mind their inevitable deficiencies, they may be of great service and pleasure to him, especially if he can superadd the vivacity which they want. And he is pretty sure not to meet in them with any of the impertinences of the translations in verse; that is to say (not to use the word offensively) any of the matter which does not belong to the original; for an impertinence, in the literal, unoffensive sense of the word, signifies that which does not belong to, or form a part, of any thing.

The passage quoted in our last London Journal about Cupid bathing and pruning his wings under the eyes of a weeping beauty (the production either of Spenser, or of a friend worthy of him) appears to us to be thoroughly Anacreontic in one respect, and without contradiction; that is to say, in clearness and delicacy of fancy.

The blinded archer-boy, like larke in shower of raine,  
Sat bathing of his wings; and glad the time did spend  
Under those cristall drops, which fell from her faire eyes,  
And at their brightest beams, him prynced in lovely wise.

Milton's address to May-morning would have been Anacreontic, but for a certain something of heaviness or stateliness which he has mingled with it, and the deferential changes of the measure.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
Com's dancing from the East, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

The dancing of the star, the leading flowery May, the green lap, and the straightforward simple style of the words, are all anacreontic; but the measure is too stately and serious. The poet has instinctively changed it in the lines that follow these, which are altogether in the taste of our author:

Hail bounteous May! that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

then a long line comes too seriously in—

Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

We will here observe, by the way, that Anacreon's measures are always short and dancing. One of these somewhat resembles with the shorter ones of the above poem.

Woods and groves are of thy dressing  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Every syllable, observe, is pronounced.

Dote moi lyren Homerou  
Phonies aneuthi corous.

The o's in the second line of the next are all pronounced long, as in the word rose.

Hyacinthine me rhabdo  
Chalepos Eros badison  
Ekeleuse syntrochazein.

There is a poet of the time of Charles the First, Herrick, who is generally called, but on little grounds, the English Anacreon, though he now and then has no un-

happy imitation of his manner. We wish we had him by us, to give a specimen. There is one beautiful song of his, (which has been exquisitely translated, by the way, into Latin, by one of the now leading political writers,\*) the opening measure of which, that is, of the first couplet, is the same as the other common measure of Anacreon:—

Their eyes the glow worms lend thee,  
The shooting stars attend thee,  
And the elves also  
Whose little eyes glow  
Like the sparks of fire, befrend thee.

He ge melaina pinel,  
Pinel de dendre auten,  
Pinel thalassa d'auras,  
Ho d'Helios thalassan.

Suckling, a charming off-hand writer, who stood between the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, and partook of the sentiment of the one and the levity of the other, would have translated Anacreon admirably. And had Anacreon been a fine gentleman of the age of Charles the First, instead of an ancient Greek, he would have written Suckling's ballad on a wedding. There is a touch in it, describing a beautiful pair of lips, which, though perfectly original, is in the highest Anacreontic taste:—

Her lips were red, and one was thin,  
Compared with that was next her chin,  
Some bee had stung it newly.

Beauty, the country, a picture, the taste and scent of honey, are all in that passage. And yet Anacreon, in the happy comprehensiveness of his words, has beaten it. The thought has got somewhat hacknied since his time, the hard, though unavoidable fate of many an exquisite fancy; yet stated in his simple words, and accompanied with an image, the very perfection of eloquence, it may still be read with a new delight. In his direction to a painter about a portrait of his mistress, he tells him to give her "a lip like *Persuasion's*,"

Prokaloumenon philema—  
Provoking a kiss.

The word is somewhat spoilt in English by the very piquancy which time has added to it; because it makes it look less in earnest, too much like the common language of gallantry. But *provoking* literally means *calling for*—asking—forcing us, in common gratitude for our delight, to give what is so exquisitely deserved. And in that better sense, the word *provoking* is still the right one.

Shakespeare's serenade in Cymbeline might have been written by Anacreon, except that he would have given us some luxurious image of a young female, instead of the word "lady."

Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies,  
And winking mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes:  
With every thing that pretty been,  
My lady sweet, arise.

Lilly, a writer of Shakespeare's age, who perverted a naturally fine genius to the purposes of conceit and fashion, has a little poem beginning—

Cupid and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses,

which Anacreon might have written, had cards existed in his time. But we have it not by us to quote. Many passages in Burns's songs are Anacreontic, inasmuch as they are simple, enjoying, and full of the elegance of the senses; but they have more passion than the old Greek's, and less of his perfection of grace. Anacreon never suffers but from old age, or the want of wine. Burns suffers desperately, and as desperately struggles with his suffering, till we know not which is the greater, he or his passion. There is nothing of this robust-handed work in the delicate Ionian. Nature is strong and sovereign in him, but always in accommodating unison with his indolence and old age. He says: that he is transported, and he is so; but somehow you always fancy him in the same place, never quite carried out of himself.

Of Anacreon's drinking songs, we do not find it so easy to give a counterpart notion from the English poets, who, though of a drinking country, have not exhibited much of the hilarity of wine. Their port is heavy, compared with Anacreon's Teion. Shakespeare's

Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne

\* See a periodical publication in two volumes, called the *Re-fector*, which contained some of the first public essays of several eminent living writers.

will not do at all; for Anacreon's Bacchus is the perfection of elegant mythology, particularly *comme il faut* in the waist, a graceful dancer, and beautiful as cheerfulness. In all Anacreon's manners, and turn of thinking, you recognise what is called "the gentleman." He evidently had a delicate hand. The "cares" that he talks about, consisted in his not having had care enough. A turn at the plough, or a few wants, would have given him pathos. He would not have thought all the cares of life to consist in his being short, and swift, and taking him away from his pleasures. If he partook however of the effeminacy of his caste, he was superior to its love of wealth and domination. The sole business of his life, he said, was to drink and sing, perfume his beard, and crown his head with roses; and he appears to have stuck religiously to his profession. "Business," he thought, "must be attended to." Plato calls him "wise;" as Milton calls the luxurious Spanner "sage and serious." The greatest poets and philosophers sometimes "let the cat out of the bag," when they are tired of conventional secrets.

This bottle's the sun of our table,  
His beams are rosy wine;  
We, planets that are not able  
Without his help to shine.

These verses of Sheridan are Anacreontic. So is that couplet of Burns's,—exquisitely so, except for the homeliness of the last word:

Care, mad to see a man so happy,  
E'en drown'd himself amidst the nap.

One taste, like this, of the wine of the feelings gives a better idea of Anacreon's drinking songs than hundreds of ordinary specimens.

But we must hasten to close this long article with the best Anacreontic piece of translation we are acquainted with;—that of the famous ode to the Grasshopper by Cowley. Anacreon's Grasshopper, it is to be observed, is not properly a Grasshopper, but the *Tettix*, as the Greeks called it from its cry,—the *Cicada* of the Roman poet, and *Cicala* of modern Italy, where it sings or *cries* in the trees in summer-time, as the grasshopper does with us in the grass. It is a species of beetle. But Cowley very properly translated his Greek insect as well as ode, into English, knowing well that the poet's object is to be sympathized with, and that if Anacreon had written in England, he would have addressed the grasshopper instead of the *tettix*.

We have marked in Italics the expressions, which, though original in Cowley's version, are purely Anacreontic, and such as the Grecian would have delighted to write. The whole poem is much longer than Anacreon's double the size; but this, perhaps, only justly makes up for the prolongation afforded to all ancient poems, by the music which accompanied them. There is not a Cowleian conceit in the whole of it, unless the thought about "farmer and landlord," be one, which is quickly forgiven for its naturalness in an English landscape; and the whole, from beginning to end, though not so perfectly melodious, runs on with that natural yet regulated and elegant enthusiasm, betwixt delight in the object and indolent enjoyment in the spectator, which has been noticed as the characteristics of the sprightly old bard. The repetition of the word *all* is quite in the poet's manner; who loved thus to cram much into little, and to pretend to himself that he was luxuriously expatiating;—as in fact he was, in his feelings; though, as to composition, he did not chuse to make "a toil of a pleasure."

Happy insect! what can be  
In happiness compared to thee?  
Fed with nourishment divine,  
The dewy morning's gentle wine.  
Nature waits upon thee still,  
And thy verdant cup does fill?  
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread  
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.  
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,  
Happier than the happiest king.  
All the fields which thou dost see,  
All the plants belong to thee,  
All that summer hours produce,  
Fertile made with early juice.  
Man for thee does sow and plow,  
Farmer he, and landlord thou!  
Thou dost innocently joy;  
Nor does thy luxury destroy;  
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,  
More harmonious than he.  
Thou country winds with gladness hear,  
Prophet of the ripened year!  
Phœbus is himself thy sire  
Thou Phœbus loves, and does inspire;  
To thee, of all things upon earth,  
Life is no longer than thy mirth.  
Happy insect, happy thou!  
Dost neither age nor winter know;  
But when thou'st drunk, and dand'd, and sung  
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among  
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,  
Epicurean animal!)  
Sated with thy summer feast,  
Thou retirest to endless rest.



#### FOURTH WEEK IN APRIL. BUTTERFLIES AND ELECTRIC SILK.

THE butterflies now come out, harbingers of their more numerous brethren in May, and tickling or tickled by the air and flowers,—we hardly know which it looks most. They seem as if they could not fly an inch for joy, without making all sorts of starts and antics,

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,

as though they were intoxicated with suddenly emerging out of their strange death-like prison, into the liberties of light and love. We should like to hear what the despisers of colours and gaiety have to say to the manifest delight which nature takes in painting the butterflies and flowers, to say nothing of fields, skies, and other trides, and the whole starry heavens. The rainbow, too, is a pretty sweep of a painter's brush; and there are the sunrises and sunsets. We have seen the latter in the Mediterranean, finer than Claude's. But we must have "an article" on this subject.

A great deal of pains has sometimes been taken to show that the butterfly undergoes no real change from its caterpillar and pupa state, all its wings, &c., being included in its several succession of forms, like a lady who should be full-dressed for a ball, while wrapped up in her night-gown. As if that, (supposing it to be true, and the question is still undecided,) made any difference in the wonder! We like these getters rid of mysteries! To change internally, they think, is really surprising; but to change only in outward guise, and to carry all your future clothes and wings with you, packed up, first in a sort of feeding machine on sixteen legs, then in a kind of living coffin, boxed up and senseless, and then suddenly waking, and getting upon six legs instead of sixteen, and dancing up into the air, ready for all sorts of ethereal pranks, this they count nothing, or at best, as an explanation of the whole mystery. As if there were any explanation in the matter! or the mystery were not as great as ever; or any one thing not as wonderful as any other.

For our parts, with all our love and admiration of nature, and something like a visiting acquaintance with her, we really are not in her secret in this matter, and can do nothing but be astonished at her beauties, and thankful for the brilliant baubles she gives to the peremptory and supercilious. We see nothing more wonderful in *change* than in *creation*, and nothing at all in the modern accounts of the butterfly to set aside our belief in the good instinct of the old Greek symbol (the butterfly for the soul), and that beautiful question of Dante's, which he puts with such a noble simplicity, and such a divine impartiality between small ideas and great.

Non v' accorgete noi, che mol' slam vermi,  
Nati a formar l'angelica farfalla?

*Purgatorio, Canto X.*

Perceive ye not, that we are worms, we men,  
Born to compose the angelic butterfly?

We must return to this subject another time. Meanwhile we give a curious extract from the third volume of Captain Brown's Book of Butterflies (just published), relating to the marvels of the moths who furnish us with silk stockings. The reader will there see the extraordinary attachments and aversions shown to one another by those very sensitive habiliments, according to their different complexions. If man could discover the secret of electricity, it would seem indeed as if he were becoming intimate with the spirit of the earth.

"The distinctions between those bodies which are capable of being excited to electricity, and those which are only capable of receiving it from the others, appears scarcely to have been ever suspected till about the year 1799, when this great discovery was made by Mr. Gray, a pensioner in the Charter-house. After some fruitless attempts to make metals attractive by heating, rubbing, and hammering, he conceived a suspicion that, as a glass tube, when rubbed in the dark, communicated its light to various bodies, it might possibly, at the same time, communicate its power of attraction to them. In order to put this to the test, he provided himself with a tube three feet five inches long, and near an inch and one-fifth in diameter; the ends of the tube were stopped by cork; and he found that when the tube was excited, a down feather was attracted as powerfully by the cork as by the tube itself. To convince himself more completely, he procured a small ivory ball, which he fixed at first to a stick of fir, four inches long, which was thrust into the cork, and found that it attracted and repelled the feather even with more vigour than the cork itself. He afterwards fixed the ball upon long sticks, and upon pieces of brass and iron wire with the same success; and lastly attached it to a long piece of pack-thread, and hung it from a high balcony, in which state

he found that, by rubbing the tube, the ball was constantly enabled to attract light bodies in the court below.

His next attempt was to prove whether this power could be conveyed horizontally, as well as perpendicularly. With this view he fixed a cord to a nail which was in one of the beams of the ceiling; and making a loop at that end which hung down, he inserted his pack-thread, with the ball which was at the end of it, through the loop of the cord, and retired with the tube to the other end of the room; but in this state he found that the ball had totally lost the power of attraction. Upon mentioning his disappointed efforts to a friend, it was suggested that the cord which he had used to support his pack-thread, might be so coarse as to intercept the electric power; and they accordingly attempted to remedy this evil by employing a silk string, which was much stronger in proportion than a hempen cord. With this apparatus the experiment succeeded far beyond their expectations. Encouraged by their success, and attributing it wholly to the fineness of the silk, they proceeded to support the pack-thread, to which the ball was attached by very fine brass and iron wire; but, to their utter astonishment, found the effect exactly the same as when they used the hempen cord; the electrical virtue utterly parted away; while, on the other hand, when the pack-thread was supported by a silken cord, they were able to convey the electric virtue seven hundred and sixty-five feet.

It was evident, therefore, that these effects depended upon some peculiar quality in the silk, which disabled it from conducting away the electrical power, as the hempen cord and the wire had done.

The accidental discovery of Mr. Gray led to the knowledge of the non-conducting powers of various other substances; and since the nature of electricity has been more deeply investigated, the true electric properties of most substances have become known, and are now divided into electrics and non-electrics. The following substances are among the principal conductors of the electric fluid; namely, stoney substances in general, more especially those of a calcareous nature, such as lime, marble, &c., sulphuric acid, black pyrites, black lead, alum, charcoal, all the metallic ores, the animal fluids, and all other fluids, except air and oils.

The electric bodies are those substances, which when excited, collect or emit the fluid, such as amber, sulphur, jet, glass, and all precious crystallized stones, all resinous compounds, and all dry substances, such as silk, hair, wool, paper, &c.

Silk was first discovered to be an electric by Mr. Gray, in the manner we have already related; but as it was by no means remarkable for emitting sparks, which most commonly engages the attention, its electric virtues were almost entirely overlooked till the year 1759. At that time Mr. Symmer presented to the Royal Society some papers, containing a number of very curious experiments made with silk stockings, in substance as follows:—

He had been accustomed to wear two pair of silk stockings, a black and a white. When these were put off both together, no sign of electricity appeared; but on pulling off the black ones from the white, he heard a snapping or crackling noise, and in the dark perceived sparks of fire between them. To produce this and the following appearance in great perfection, it was only necessary to draw his hand backward and forward over his leg with his stockings upon it.

When the stockings were separated and held at a distance from each other, both of them appeared to be highly excited; the white stocking positively, and the black negatively. While they were kept at a distance from each other, both of them appeared inflated, to such a degree, that they exhibited the entire shape of the leg. When two black or two white stockings were held in one hand, they would repel one another with considerable force, making an angle seemingly of thirty or thirty-five degrees. When a white and black stocking were presented to each other, they were mutually attracted; and if permitted, would rush together with surprising violence. As they approached, the inflation gradually subsided, and their attraction of foreign objects diminished, but their attraction of one another increased; when they actually met they became flat, and joined close together like as many folds of silk. When separated again, their electric virtues did not seem to be in the least impaired for having once met, and the same appearances would be exhibited by them as the first time. When the experiment was made with two black stockings in one hand, and two white ones in the other, they were thrown into a strange agitation, owing to the attraction between those of different colours, and the repulsion between those of the same colour. This mixture of attraction and repulsion made the stockings catch at each other at greater distances than otherwise they would have done, and afforded a very curious spectacle.

When the stockings were suffered to meet, they stuck together with considerable force. At first, Mr. Symmer found they required from one to twelve ounces to separate them. Another time they raised seventeen ounces, which was twenty times the weight of the stocking that supported them, and this in a direction parallel to its surface. When one of the stockings was turned inside out, and put within the other, with the rough sides together, it required three pounds three ounces to separate them. With stockings of a more substantial make, the cohesion was still greater. When the white stocking was put within the black one, so that the outside of the white was contiguous to the inside of the black, they

raised nine pounds, wanting a few ounces; and when the two rough surfaces were contiguous, they raised fifteen pounds one pennyweight and a half. Cutting off the ends of the thread, and the tufts of silk which had been left in the inside of the stockings, was found to be very unfavourable to these experiments.

Mr. Symmer also observed that pieces of white and black silk, when highly electrified, not only cohered with each other, but would also adhere to bodies with broad and even polished surfaces, though these bodies were not electrified. This he discovered accidentally, having without design, thrown a stocking out of his hand, which stuck to the paper hanging of the room. He repeated the experiment, and found it would continue hanging nearly an hour. Having stuck up the black and white stockings in this manner, he came with another pair, highly electrified, and applying the white to the black, and the black to the white, he carried them off the wall, each of them hanging to that which had been brought to it. The same experiments held with the painted boards of the room, and likewise with the looking-glass, to the smooth surface of which both the white and the black silk appeared to adhere more tenaciously than to either of the former.

Similar experiments, but with a greater variety of circumstances, were afterwards made by Mr. Cigna of Turin, upon white and black ribands. He took two white silk ribands, just dried at the fire, and extended them upon a smooth plane, whether a conducting or electric substance was a matter of indifference. He then drew over them the sharp edge of an ivory ruler, and found that both ribands had acquired electricity enough to adhere to the plane, though, while they continued there, they showed no other sign of it. When taken up separately, they were both negatively electrified, and would repel each other. In their separation, electric sparks were perceived between them, but when again put on the plane, or forced together, no light was perceived without another friction. When by the operation just now mentioned, they had acquired the negative electricity, if they were placed, not upon the smooth body on which they had been rubbed, but on a rough conducting substance, they would, on their separation, show contrary electricities, which would again disappear on their being joined together. If they had been made to repel each other, and were afterwards forced together, and placed on the rough surface abovementioned, they would, in a few minutes, be mutually attracted, the lowermost being positively, and the uppermost negatively electrified.

If the two white ribands received their friction upon the rough surface, they always acquired contrary electricities. The upper one was negatively, and the lower one positively electrified, in whatever manner they were taken off. The same change was instantaneously done by any pointed conductor. If two ribands, for instance, were made to repel, and the point of a needle drawn opposite to one of them along its whole length, they would immediately rush together.

#### ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE.

##### VII.—ST. ANDRE THE SURGEON.

NATHANIEL St. André was a native of Switzerland, from which country he emigrated early in life, and, secured the friendship of a wealthy patron, who furnished him with the means of procuring a medical education. He afterwards became a public lecturer on anatomy and a surgeon of eminence in London, a favourite of King George the First, the confidential friend of Lord Peterborough, and was employed by Bolingbroke and Pope. But the fairness of such professional prospects were suddenly clouded, and his character stamped with an indelible impression of ridicule or guilt, by his listening to, and encouraging the impudent imposture of Mary Tofts, a woman who declared, and endeavoured to make the public believe, that she had been actually delivered of rabbits;—a delusion in which Whiston, probably seduced by the credit of St. André, was also involved.

This eccentric divine, on other occasions sufficiently scrupulous, wrote a pamphlet to prove, that the monstrous conception literally fulfilled what had been foretold by the prophet Esdras.

To laugh were want of sentiment or grace,  
But to be grave exceeds all power of face.

It is not so easy to account for the conduct of St. André, a man confessedly of strong sense and quick discernment. Of three opinions which prevailed at the time;—that he was disposed to try an experiment on national credulity; that he was corrupted by money; or that he was a man whose ruling passions were excitement and the love of making a sensation, no matter at what expense, the author of this notice strongly inclines to the last.

Professional dexterity, or his skill as a performer on the *viol di gambu*, introduced St. André to Lady Betty Molyneux; he attended her husband in his last illness; and a marriage indecorously hasty between the widow and the surgeon, with other circumstances never satisfactorily explained, involved them both in the odium of being instrumental in hastening the death of Mr. Molyneux, from whom the Swiss (a base villain, if the charge was true) had received many favours. Their guilt or their innocence, which at a certain period strongly agitated the public mind, must now be determined by a more awful and unerring tribunal. Combined with other unpropitious circumstances, this shocking imputation drove St. André into obscurity. Lady Betty was dis-

missed from court by Queen Caroline; and an action for defamation, in which a verdict and damages were given in favour of the newly married couple, was not sufficient to restore their reputation.

Chance, inclination, perverseness, necessity or guilt, conspired to keep St. André in hot water for a good part of his life. In the year 1725, before he had been debased by credulity, or shunned, as being suspected of flagrant crime, and in the routine of a lucrative practice, he was roused from his bed at midnight by a stranger thundering at his door, who urgently desired him to visit, without delay, a person who was described as desperately wounded. In the heat of zeal, or the perturbation of broken sleep, St. André neglected that necessary precaution for every medical practitioner, on such occasions, the taking, on all midnight calls from persons he does not know, his own servant with him. After following his unknown guide in the nocturnal gloom, through many an unfrequented court, remote street, and obscure alley, after being conducted, and re-conducted through passages, galleries, and stair-cases, heated, hurried, and confused, he at last found himself in a retired chamber, the door of which being instantly bolted, the affrighted surgeon was threatened with immediate death, if he did not directly swallow the contents of a bowl (of course poisonous) presented to him by two ruffians, with instruments of death in their hands. Having paused for a short time on the horrible alternative, he drank the terrible dose, and with considerable precautions to prevent discovery, was replaced blindfolded at his own door. The condition of a man who had been compelled to take what he considered as poison, need not be described. Without supposing that the drench contained one deleterious particle, the mere idea was sufficient to communicate arsenic, hellbore, and sublimate to his disturbed imagination. Of this extraordinary transaction, an account sufficiently expressive of the terror of St. André, was published in the London Gazette, and a reward of 200*l.* offered by government to any person who would give information that might lead to discovery and conviction; but no discovery was made.

One is sometimes tempted to consider this singular narrative as the fabrication of a restless mind, fertile in invention; the fable of a man, determined at every risk, to present himself as frequently as possible to the public eye, and become the subject of general notice and common conversation; such characters occur in every age. A companion of St. André, who, (in the hope of a legacy which never was bequeathed) endured much of his sarcastic brunt, and satirical sallies, was heard to declare that he had good reason for believing, that the circumstances related by his friend were correct. He added, as indeed the event proved, that there was clearly no poison in the mixture, though made sufficiently nauseous; that the whole was a cruel but harmless effort of ingenious revenge, and meant to torment the surgeon, who had supplanted a friend in the affections of a favourite mistress.

Whatever were the contents of the bowl, he survived its effects, as well as the exhausting consequences of the anxiety he suffered, and the antidotes he swallowed. Finding the metropolis, on many accounts, unpleasant, he retired from public obloquy or private contempt, to a provincial town, where he occupied his leisure hours, and dissipated his superfluous cash in building and planting; but discovered more of whim and caprice than goodness of taste, or correctness of design. Life however was strong in him somehow or other, for he lived to be upwards of ninety.

#### MR. BARNARD AND THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

The *Times* alluding to our query upon this point, cuts asunder the difficulty in a very sufficing manner, as follows:—"We observe that the editor seems puzzled about the Duke of Marlborough, who was the subject of an interesting narrative in his first number. He will, on a moment's examination, see that the Duke of Marlborough, who died in 1817, at the age of 78, was only 19 years old in 1758, and could not, at such an early age, be Master General of the Ordnance, or a Knight of the Garter."

#### ANECDOTE OF SHENTONE'S YOUTH.

In the accounts of celebrated men, we rarely meet with a sufficient number of those personal and domestic particulars, which are so interesting to the common nature of us all, and which are often omitted, especially in history, upon an idle, unphilosophical notion of their being incompatible with the "dignity" of the work! As if anything could be more worth our while to know, than what is calculated to charm one's sympathy with intelligent natures, and humanize and instruct us in our daily life. Perhaps it would not be too much to affirm, that every life which has been written, except at very great length, could be materially enlarged, improved, and rendered a great deal more interesting, by a diligent search into collateral accounts of the person recorded, and into his own writings, whether in prose or in verse. A great deal might be added, for instance, to the lives of most of the English poets. Take the following anecdote, by way of specimen, as an addition to the life of Shentone, not a great poet, it is true, but a very pleasing one, and a man of no ordinary powers of reflection when he chose to set them to work. Every reader of his poem of the *School Mistress*, and of the acute, and sometimes the deep reflections to be met with in his *Essays*, would surely be glad of more such memoran-

dums of him. It is to be found in a little anonymous book ("Recollections of Some Particulars in the Life of the late William Shentone Esq."), written not long after his death, in defence of him from some of the objections of Dr. Johnson, by his old and fast friend, Richard Graves, the author of the *Spiritual Quixote*, whom a comfortable parsonage, and a pleasant temper, kept alive till upwards of ninety.

The anecdote will "come home to the bosoms" of hundreds of youths, and older men too, who know what it is to "quarrel and make it up." The poet and his friend were at that time young men from college, and Graves was on a visit to Shentone, at an old family house belonging to the latter, with a rookery to it and other rural appurtenances, where they enjoyed themselves in the sweets of literary companionship.

"At Harborough (says Mr. Graves), Mr. Shentone and I passed a month in a very agreeable loiter; sometimes indeed pursuing the high road to useful science, but more frequently roving amidst the flowery regions of fancy and amusement. We read, however, Boileau, Bôhours, Dacier's Terence, and other French critics or entertaining authors; and Mr. Shentone wrote several little pieces of poetry, which I then thought excellent; but most of which, I believe, are now buried in oblivion. As we went out but little, and saw hardly any company, and of course were confined chiefly to each other's conversation, we now and then got into a hot dispute; on which occasions, as Mr. Shentone was generally victorious, he could not submit patiently to a defeat. We were one day engaged in a warm debate, in which, I think, I had the upper hand, and drove my antagonist to a painful dilemma; and with exultation pursued my advantage so far, that Mr. Shentone grew angry, and our trifling dispute terminated on each side in a sullen silence, which, as Mr. Shentone would not vouchsafe to break first, I, from a youthful spirit of independence, disdained to submit; so that, although we ate and drank together, this pouting humour continued, and we never spoke to each other for near two days. At last, as I was never much addicted to taciturnity, and it was pain and grief to me to keep silence, I wrote upon the wall in a summer-house in the garden,

Θίλω, θίλω μανῆναι

which I translated,

"I will, I will be witty."

Under this, Mr. Shentone wrote this distich:

"Matchless on earth I thee proclaim,  
Whose will and power I find the same."

This produced a reply on my side; that a rejoinder on his; till at last the ill-fated wall was scribbled from top to bottom, which the next morning was succeeded by a laugh at each other's folly, and a cordial reconciliation."

## THE LONDON JOURNAL,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1834.

HAVING arrived at the fourth number of our Journal, with the most encouraging prospects of success, we must leave off saying what heaps of kind letters we continue to receive, lest it should look like a system of self-recommendation. But we cannot help once more alluding to them, for fear of seeming ungrateful to the writers; some of whom are as flattering to us by their very names, as all are by their cordiality. One letter, however, is of a nature so publicly as well as privately connected with the subject of a journal of this description, that we must take the liberty, not only of distinctly mentioning it, but of laying it before the reader. We own, that after our first impulse to this effect, we hesitated a moment out of feelings of modesty, and somewhat longer in deference to that of the writer especially as he had given no intimation whether we might so use it or not. Our mind was soon made up by the consideration of the honour which the letter did him, and of the good which must accrue to the public from seeing men, who might be supposed to witness a new Journal of this sort with no friendly feeling, coming forward in so handsome a manner to shew themselves true lovers of the knowledge they advocate, and of the generosity to which it gives rise. Mr. Chambers may over-estimate our abilities, and be too modest respecting his own; but there can only be one opinion respecting the sentiment that impelled him to write his letter. He will be glad to hear, that it is not the first of the kind which we have received. We take the opportunity of stating, that no sooner had our Journal appeared, than the Publisher of the *Penny Magazine*, who is also, we believe, proprietor of the *Printing Machine*, or *Review for the Many*, expressed himself in the most spirited and liberal manner towards the new paper, and took steps to shew that he was in earnest. But Mr. Chambers has written so much at length on the subject, that we feel warranted in calling the reader's attention to

his letter, and we think we cannot do better than put it in this part of our Journal, where we are in the habit of noticing any new evidences that transpire, of the growth of intellectual brotherhood:—

LETTER OF MR. ROBERT CHAMBERS OF THE EDINBURGH JOURNAL TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON JOURNAL.

27, Elder-street, Edinburgh,  
April 15, 1834.

DEAR SIR,—I take leave to address you in this familiar manner for several reasons. The chief is your kind nature, as exemplified in your writings, which prove you the friend of all mankind; the lesser are your allusions on more occasions than one to writings of mine, when you did not perhaps know the exact name of the author. My purpose is to congratulate you on the first number of your Journal, which I have just seen, and to express my earnest and sincere hope that it will repay your exertions, and render the latter part of your life more prosperous than you say the earlier has been. You will perhaps appreciate my good wishes the more that they proceed from an individual who, according to vulgar calculations, might expect to be injured by your success. I assure you, so far from entertaining any grudge towards your work on that score, I am as open to receive pleasurable impressions from it as I have ever been from your previous publications, or as the least literary of your readers can be; and as hopeful that it will succeed and prove a means of comfort to you, as the most ancient and familiar of your friends. I know that your work can never do by a tenth part so much ill to my brother and myself, as it may do good to you—for every book, however similar to others, finds in a great measure new channels for itself; and still more certain am I, that the most jealous and unworthy feelings we could entertain, would be ineffectual in protecting us from the consequences of your supplanting our humble sheets in the public favour. My brother and I feel much pleasure in observing that a writer so much our senior, and so much our superior, should have thought our plan to such an extent worthy of his adoption, and hope your doing so will only furnish additional proof of the justice of our calculations. This leads me to remark, that, while I acknowledge the truth of your pretensions to having been the reviver of the periodical literature of a former age, and have looked to your manner of treating light subjects as in part the model of our own, I must take this and every other proper opportunity of asserting my elder brother's merit, as the originator of cheap respectable publications, of the class to which your Journal is so important an addition. In the starting of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal in February, 1832, he was unquestionably the first to develop this new power of the printing-press; and, considering that we had some little character (at least in Scotland) to lose, and encountered feelings in our literary brethren little less apt, I may say, to deter us from our object than the terrors which assailed Rodolph in the *Witch of Glen* (a simile more expressive than it is apt), I humbly conceive that, when the full utility of my brother's invention shall have been perceived by the world, as I trust it will in time, he will be fully entitled to have his claims allowed without dispute.

"That we have regretted to find ourselves the objects of so many of the meaner order of feelings among our brethren, it would be vain to deny. I must say, however, that we would have been ill to satisfy indeed, if the admission of our weekly sheet into almost every family of the middle rank, and many of the lower throughout the country, had not more than compensated us for that affliction. Our labours, moreover, are profitable beyond our hopes, beyond our wants, besides yielding to us a ceaseless revenue of pleasure, in the sense they convey to us of daily and hourly improving the hearts and understandings of a large portion of our species. That you may aim as heartily at this result, and be as successful in obtaining it, is the wish of

"Dear Sir,

"Your sincere Friend and Servant,

"ROBERT CHAMBERS."

We shall add nothing to this, being naturally willing to leave Mr. Chambers in possession of his pleasant "last word," except that the appearance of the *Tatler* was antecedent to that of the *Edinburgh Journal*, and that in the *Indicator*, and in the *Tatler* also, (if we recollect rightly,) we professed a wish to extend an acquaintance with matters of intellectual refinement among the uneducated. The zeal of our correspondent, however, in behalf of his brother's claim, is so good a thing for its own sake, that we are far from anxious to contest this point with him; and heartily willing are we to acknowledge, that these gentlemen have had a wider and more popular view of the opening of cheap literature to the many, than we ever had till now. In zeal for the interests of all, we will yield to nobody; but in a knowledge of the best means of extending its operation, others have surpassed us; and we hope to shew, that we have profited by their example. We take this opportunity of observing, that among the foremost, if not the very first, to lower the price of respectable periodical literature, though not professedly to extend it to those who have missed a classical education, was the *Athenaeum*.



The House of Commons have been discussing a grant of money for the purchase of two pictures for the National Gallery; and all parties, in and out of doors, have accorded with it. We need not say how we rejoice in this harmonious and intelligent view of what in a ruder state of society would be foolishly thought a foolish question. No advantage to the public was left out of sight, commercial, intellectual, or moral; and Tory, Whig, and Radical, all testified to it. One member spoke of the benefits derived to the artisan from the diffusion of the beautiful designs of antiquity: and another gave it as his opinion, that no people in the country derived more pleasure from the exhibition of works of art than the poorer classes.

We believe it. They see and feel in it much more than they at present know. We have seen peasants walking quietly in the Florentine gallery delighted with all they saw, and proud of it; and not an atom is defaced in Florence of the fine sculptures that stand in the open square. The people, being trusted with them, respect them. It will be so in England as the fine arts advance; and their progress is observable in several instances, especially in the popularity of the wood-cuts in the *Penny Magazine*, which have at once followed and fostered it; busts and statues have taken place of the old dogs and parrots, on the heads of itinerant vendors; and people having once been accustomed to these, will never like anything less—will never return to an inferior taste. The circumstance is good for all parties. It gives a new addition to their world, whatever it be; elevates the depressed (conscious and proud that its fellow-creatures can have created such works); lowers false pride (which can do nothing like them); tends to put hope, and patience, and consideration, and a just sense of human right and enjoyment into conflicting parties of all kinds—humanizes every body. Nothing brutal can do such things, nor remain entire and unmitigated before them. Brute force cannot do them—nor mere power of any sort—mere wealth—mere rank—mere will. But in those rooms, hung with beautiful pictures, rank, riches, and poverty meet together in the very persons of the painters, all swallowed up and forgotten in the gorgeous spirit of their genius. There, besides Titian and Michael Angelo, who were "gentlemen born," and Raphael, himself the son of a painter, are the "great Caracci," who were the offspring of a tailor; and Andrea del Sarto, who was another (so called by reason of it, Sarto meaning a tailor); and Tintoretto, which means a dyer; and the magician of light and darkness, Rembrandt, who was the son of a miller; and the "divine Claude Lorrain," who was bred a pastry-cook, and who has now a whole province to his name, while the princes of Lorrain are forgotten.

"A museum," say the newspapers, "consisting of many valuable specimens of morbid anatomy, midwifery, and casts, with numerous prints and drawings, has been presented to the London University for the use of the students of the New North London Hospital, which will be opened at Michaelmas with one hundred and ten beds, by Gore Clough, esq., of Upper Norton-street, Fitzroy-square. The preparations are for the most part in excellent preservation, and have been carefully collected at an expenditure of 3,000*l*. The gift of this valuable addition to the Museum of the University, was communicated on Wednesday last to the committee, and it will be deposited in a temporary apartment till the large room about to be fitted up is ready for its reception." Men are to be envied who can make presents like these.

"The learned and scientific society at Geneva, which corresponds in the nature of its institution with the Royal Society of London, have elected Mrs. Somerville a member,—the first instance of a similar distinction conferred on a female by that learned body." Mrs. Somerville, wife of Dr. Somerville physician, is the lady so distinguished at present for her knowledge of the sciences. We take it for granted that the Royal Society will follow the example. Ladies have been members of Royal Academies of Painting, and of Societies of Botany, why not of any other institution of art or science? There is more jealousy than any thing else in withholding public honours from the sex, especially when those honours are of a gentle and comparatively private nature, unquestionably fitted for them, and calculated only to do good.

We hope to see the days before long, when audiences will be refined enough to be able to hear public lectures on art and science from the lips of females; which would give the maxims of taste and wisdom, one would think, a peculiar grace. About a hundred years back, a lady named Gaetana Agnesi, was professor of mathematics in the University of Bologna, and read lectures accordingly. Our celebrated English professor, Colson, learnt the Italian language on purpose to translate a work of hers; which was subsequently published in two volumes quarto, by the late Baron Maseres. Our learned readers will be reminded, and our unlearned ones interested to hear, of the famous Hypatia, daughter and successor of Theon, the mathematician at Alexandria, in the days of Theodosius the Second; a female, whose knowledge of the sciences was graced by all the charms of beauty, innocence, and elegant manners. Strange picture, to precede the tragedy of her death! All these attractions which made her admired and beloved of every body not brutalized by intolerance, did not hinder her being torn to pieces during one of the horrible broils that disgraced the unchristian Christians of that day,—frightful perverters of the doctrines of their divine Master, whose tenderness was never more affectingly evinced than towards women. See the account somewhere in Gibbon; or in any dictionary.

We cannot suffer the Fourth volume of Allan Cunningham's edition of *Burns* to appear, without saying how interesting it is both in poetry and comment. There are two good vignettes, after drawings by Mr. D. O. Hill,—one very pleasant, and striped with sunshine across the tree-bordered road, with one of the poet's bonnie lasses going along with her milk-pail,—the other the field of Bannock-burn, where Bruce dealt that tremendous blow at his assailant before battle, which was the harbinger of his great victory. It was thought, no doubt, in old times, by soldiers and others, that no new glory could come to the field of Bannockburn, unless another victory should happen there. Yet a peasant has touched it with an immortal hand, and made it sing for joy.

#### MORE ADMIRABLE MAXIMS AND SUGGESTIONS FROM MR. BENTHAM'S UNPUBLISHED WORK.

*Absurd Hindrances of Comfort.*—How many little pleasures are interfered with by the meddling of unwellcome intruders,—how many checked by the asceticism, or the ill-nature, or the ridicule, or the scorn of a bye-stander? How many trifling vexations are aggravated by the dissocial qualities, or heedless deportment of a looker on? At the end of a day how much total loss is there not of happiness by inattention to those small elements of which it is composed? What an aggregate amount is made up of those particles of pain, perhaps, arrive when all these sources of evil will be investigated, grouped together in their distinguishing characteristics, illustrated by examples, and their inconsistency with virtue be made so apparent, that opinion will take charge of their extirpation,—opinion, which to enlighten and to make influential, is the highest purpose of the moralist.

*Right of Reproof.*—In ordinary cases, the justifications put forth for the infliction of pain by discourse, are not tenable. It is far from sufficient to say that the assertions made are true; it is far from sufficient to pretend that the person on whom the pain is inflicted deserves the infliction; it is far from sufficient to urge that he is reckless or worthless, or that you deal charitably with his misconduct. Unless you can come and show, that preponderant good is to result from the sufferings you create, your vituperation of your victim, your laudation of yourself, are but vain and wasted words. The right to reprehend is, in itself, a virtual claim to superiority, and a claim which is likely to hurt the pride and vanity of him upon whom it is exercised. Reprehension is awarded punishment: and in proportion to the doubtfulness of the title to arbitrate and condemn, of him who thus takes on himself the functions of condemner, will be the perils incurred by his own self-interest, from the enmity of the party punished. The extent of his malevolence will be measured by the same standard, and the amount of his usurpation will be measured by the needless severity of his reprehension.

*Imperiousness.*—This is the attempt to strengthen argument by despotic authority. Not satisfied even with being right, some men's pleasure seems to consist in putting others in the wrong. They must have a triumph for their dogmatism as well as their reason. They must humiliate while they subdue. They will beat down a companion, even though his downfall should not be needful to their success. Not only shall their opponent be in the wrong, but they will extort from him a confession that he is in the wrong. They condemn him—others condemn! but their tyranny will be satisfied with nothing but a declaration of self-condemnation from the condemned himself.

A form of imperiousness is that of positive and unqualified assertion, which is made more offensive when it contradicts an opposite opinion expressed by another; and the arrogance becomes heightened, if the assertion be of a nature not to be substantiated by proof.

Of the same kind are positive assertions as to matters of fact, not witnessed by the assertor, the proof of which depends upon evidence; assertions making no reference to that evidence, but demanding belief on no other ground than the assertion itself.

Peremptoriness of decision; before an opportunity has been given to others to express their convictions, is a usurpation, shutting the door upon discussion. Peremptoriness of decision, after an opinion has been given by others, is annoying and offensive.

Useless contradiction is another violation of benevolence; it is also an exhibition of folly; for while it manifests impotence, it wounds power.

*Assumingness.* There is a form of imperiousness somewhat less annoying, but still worthy of discouragement and reprobation, which may be called *assumingness*. It generally displays itself in the naked and crude assertion of an alleged matter of fact, without reference to any perceptive interest. Its pretension is to demand implicit credence.

*Advice.* Discourse may wound by advice-giving, involving in it the appearance of reprehension, or exhibiting itself in a shape implying the possession of an authority not recognised by the hearer. Even the giving good advice is the assumption of authority on the score of wisdom.

It is Mr. Godwin, we think, who has remarked, that advice is not disliked for its own sake, but because so few people know how to give it. Perhaps the art of giving advice may be summed up in few words, as consisting in accompanying it with a confession of our own imperfections, and an enumeration of the good qualities of the person advised. But "we may have no imperfections to confess, nor the person any good qualities to enumerate!" Oh then, in neither case, we may rest assured, will our advice do any good.

*Success.* Want of judgment may be evinced, as well by regarding success as improbable where it is probable, as regarding it as probable where it is improbable.

*Excellent memorandum for letter-writers.* If a friend be permanently distant, do not communicate to him any vexation of yours which he is unable to relieve. You will spare him all the suffering that his sympathy would have excited.

*National Prejudices.* From the moment in which the exercise of certain expressions of good-will is exclusively directed to the body, the class, or nation to which we belong, and is denied to others, from the moment in which they break out into words and deeds of antipathy, from the moment, in which the fact, that a fellow man speaks a different language, or lies under a different government, constitutes him an object for contempt, abhorrence, or misdoings,—from that moment it is maleficent. A toast for example in America has been given, "Our country, right or wrong," which is, in itself, a proclamation of maleficence, and if brought into operation, might lead to crimes and follies on the widest conceivable field,—to plunder, murder, and all the consequences of unjust war. Not less blame-worthy was the declaration of a prime-minister of this country, "that England—nothing but England,—formed any portion of his care or concern." An enlarged philanthropy indeed, might have given to both expressions a Deontological meaning, since the true interests of nations, as the true interests of individuals, are equally those of prudence and benevolence; but the phrases were employed solely to justify wrong, if that wrong were perpetrated by the land or government which we call our own.

Suppose a man were to give as a toast, in serious earnest, "Myself, right or wrong?" Yet the above assumptions of false patriotism both in America and England, are founded on no better principle.

*Good Hint to a very Common Error.*—If called upon to give an unfavourable opinion as to a saying of any kind, or a work of which you disapprove, do not be forward to communicate your disapprobation, merely because your self-love is flattered by the appeal made to your judgment.

*Needless Recurrence to the Past.*—Be cautious not to drag forward ill-conduct, which, but for your reference to it, might be forgotten. Except for some obvious purpose of future good, to treasure up in your mind the records of old misdeeds of others, is to sin against prudence and benevolence; it is to make your breast a store-house of pain, to be inflicted on yourself and on others. The expression of dissatisfaction at past ill-conduct, when it has no reference to present ill-conduct, and at the same time is not likely to prevent future ill-conduct, is the creation of misery to no end whatever, or to a bad end. [Goethe in his novel of "Wilhelm Meister," speaking of a circumstance that had taken place, says, admirably, "For one thing, the evil was already done; and though people of a singularly strict and harsh temper are wont to set themselves forcibly against the past, and thus to increase the evil that cannot be remedied, yet, on the other hand, what is actually done, exerts a resistless effect on most minds. An event which lately appeared impossible, takes place, so soon as it has occurred, with what occurs daily." *Carlyle's Translation. Whittaker and Co. Vol. i. p. 81.*]

*Admirable Rule for Real or Supposed Grounds of Complaint.*—If you imagine you have cause for complaint against any man, on the ground of his misconduct yet

wards you, and if it appear to you of use that he should be informed of this, take care that the communication be made so as to give him the least possible annoyance; do not convey your expression in a way to make him suppose you think ill of him; so speak that he may regard you as attributing his conduct to a cause in which he is little or not at all to blame. You have asked him, for example, to visit you: he has neither done this, nor sent an answer: he ought to have come, or at least to have given a reason why he would not, or did not come. Impute his neglect to the possible miscarriage of your letter; or if the message was a verbal one, to probable misconception on the part of the bearer; to misconception, or misexpression, or forgetfulness; for, as the effect might have been produced by any of these causes, there is no insincerity in a man's supposing as much.

### LEGENDS OF RICHARD THE GOOD, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

FROM THE "LAIS AND LEGENDS OF VARIOUS NATIONS," NO. 2, (JUST PUBLISHED) CONTAINING "LAIS AND LEGENDS OF FRANCE."

It was the custom of Duke Richard of Normandy, called the Good, to ramble about by night as well as by day, and though he met with many phantoms he was never afraid of them. As he was so much abroad in the former season, it was commonly reported that he could see as well in the dark as other men by daylight. Whenever he came to an abbey or a church, he was sure to stop and pray outside, if he could not gain admission within. One night as he was riding along wrapt in meditation, and far from any attendant, he alighted, according to custom, before a church, fastened his horse at the door, and went in to pray. He passed a coffin which lay on a bier, threw his gloves on a reading-desk in the choir, and knelt before the altar, kissed the earth, and commenced his devotions. He had scarcely done so when he heard a strange noise proceeding from the bier behind him. He turned round, (for he feared nothing in the world;) and looking towards the place, said, "Whether thou art a good or a bad thing, be still and rest in peace!" The Duke then proceeded with his prayer, whether it was long or short I cannot tell, and at the conclusion signed himself with the cross saying

Per hoc signum sanctæ crucis  
Libera me de malignis  
Domine Deus Saluti.

Through this sign of the Holy Cross,  
Deliver me from the Evil Ones,  
Lord God of my Salvation.

He then arose, and said, "Lord into thy hands I commend my spirit." He took his sword, and as he was preparing to leave the church, behold the devil stood bolt upright at the door, extending his long arms, as if to seize Richard, and prevent his departure. The latter drew his sword, cut the figure down the centre, and sent it through the bier. Whether it cried or not I do not know. When Richard came to his horse outside the door, he perceived that he had forgotten his gloves; and as he did not wish to lose them, he returned into the church for them. Few men would have done as much. Wherefore he caused it to be proclaimed, both in the churches and in the market places, that in future no corpse should be left alone till it was buried.

Another adventure happened to the Duke, which made people wonder, and which would not so easily have been believed, were it not so well known. I have heard it from many, who had in like manner heard it from their forefathers; but often through carelessness, idleness or ignorance, many a good tale is not committed to writing though it would prove very entertaining. At that time there was a sacristan,\* who was reckoned a proper monk and one of good report; but the more a man is praised, the more the devil assaults him, and watches the more for an occasion to tempt him. So it happened to the Sacristan. One day, so the devil would have it, as he was passing by the church about his business, he saw a marvellously fine woman, and fell desperately in love with her. His passion knows no bounds. He must die if he cannot have her; so he will leave nothing undone to come at his end. He talked to her so much, and made her so many promises, that the fair dame at last appointed a meeting in the evening at her own house. She told him that he must pass over a narrow bridge or rotten plank which lay across the river Robec; that there was no other way, and that she could not be spoken with any where else.—When the night came, and the other monks were asleep, the Sacristan grew impatient to be gone. He wanted no companion, so he went alone to the bridge and ventured on it. Whether he stumbled or slipped, or was taken suddenly ill, I cannot tell, but he fell into the water, and was drowned.

As soon as his soul left the body, the devil seized it, and was posting away with it to hell, when an angel met him, and strove with him which of them should possess it: wherefore a great dispute arose between them, each giving a reason in support of his claim. Says the devil, "Thou dost me wrong, in seeking to deprive me of the soul I am carrying; dost thou not know that every soul taken in sin is mine? This was in a wicked way, and in a wicked way I have seized it. Now the Scripture itself says, 'As I find thee, so I will judge thee.' This monk I found in evil, of which the business

he was about is sufficient proof, and there needs no other." Replies the angel, "Hold thy peace; it shall not be so. The monk led a good life in his abbey, he conducted himself well and faithfully, and no one ever saw ill of him. The Scripture saith, that which is reasonable and right, every good work shall be rewarded, and every evil one punished. Then this monk ought to be rewarded for the good we know he has done; but how could that be if he were suffered to be damned? He had not committed any sin when thou didst take and condemn him. Howbeit, he had left the abbey, and did come to the bridge, he might have turned back if he had not fallen into the river; and he ought not to be so much punished for a sin which he never committed. For his foolish intention alone, thou condemnest him, and in that thou art wrong. Let the soul alone, and as for the strife betwixt thee and me, let us go to Duke Richard, and abide by his opinion. Neither side will have any reason to complain; he will decide honestly and wisely, for false judgment is not to be found in him. To what he says we will both submit without any more dispute." Says the devil, "I consent to it; and let the soul remain between us."

They immediately went to Richard's chamber, who was then in bed. He had been asleep, but just then he was awake and reflecting upon divers things. They related to him how the monk had left his monastery on an evil errand, how he had fallen from the bridge, and been drowned without doing evil. They desired him to judge which of them should take possession of the soul. Answers Richard, briefly, "Go immediately, and restore the soul to the body; let him then be placed on the bridge, on the very spot from which he tumbled; and if he advances one foot, nay, ever so little, let Nick go and take him away without further hindrance; but if the monk turns back, let him do so unmolested. Neither could say nay to this decision, so they did as he had said. The soul was returned to the body, the body restored to life, and the monk placed on the very part of the bridge whence he had fallen. As soon as the poor fellow perceived that he was standing upright on the bridge, he ran back as quickly as though he had trod on a snake; he did not even stay to bid the devil and the angel good bye. On his reaching the abbey, he shook his wet clothes, and crept into a corner. He was still terrified at the thought of death, and he could not well say whether he was dead or alive. The next morning Richard went to the abbey church to pray. The Duke caused him to be brought before the abbot, "Brother," says Richard, "what think you now? How came you to be taken? Take care another time how you pass the bridge. Tell the abbot what you have seen to-night." The monk blushed, and was ashamed in the presence of his superior and the duke. He confessed all, how he went, how he perished, how the devil had deceived him, and how the duke had delivered him; he related the whole matter, which was confirmed by the noble Richard. Thus was the thing noised abroad and its certainty established. Long after it took place, this saying became a proverb in Normandy, "Sir monk, go gently, take care of yourself when you pass over the bridge."

### FRUITS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

[To the Editor of the London Journal.]

SIR,—Pursuant to your instructions, I yesterday attended a General Meeting of the Fruits and Vegetables of the United Kingdom, convened at the Three Jolly Gardeners, Portman Market; and am happy to report, notwithstanding the illiberal tone of many of the speeches, that a very high degree of culture was observable in the generality; this is a fact, which in spite of their teeth, cannot be denied.

A general gloom pervaded the aspect of the meeting; though this was somewhat relieved by the female beauty present in the galleries, which were crowded by scions of most of the old stock of the kingdom. Some peareesses might be named, nor must "two turn cherries," the rosiest of the race—and a delicate young plum, bursting with sweets, yet in all the immaculate bloom of youth, be forgotten. I was happy to observe, that the lovely duchess PEACH retains all the mellow charm so much admired in her complexion.

Several foreigners of distinction were present, among whom those of the house of ORANGE were most remarkable. With these exceptions the meeting was exclusive à l'outrance; so much so, that the HOR family were stopped at the doors, as they declined entering without their poles, and those gentlemen could not be admitted till the sense of the assembly had been taken. That was soon done. Nothing human was to be seen in this solemn convocation! with the honourable exception in the favour of that useful body—vulgarily styled old apple-women, who had been invited: under the guise of one of these, your reporter made good his entrance.

After a short discussion, Alderman MELON was called to the chair. The portly gentleman excited much merriment in the galleries from the manner in which he rolled to his seat. There was a green and yellow melancholy in his appearance which caused the young ladies to observe that he was a bachelor.

After the chairman had stated the object of the meeting, and implored the attention of the vegetable world to the necessity of union among themselves in these innovating times,

WILD STRAWBERRY arose, and in a rambling speech wished himself to be understood to claim the protection of the laws. Though commonly called Wild, he had sown his wild oats; he now began to look about him, and

found that he was superseded and forgotten in the market. He was a great landholder—he had held from time immemorial—it was said that no restraint was put upon him—that he had some of the most lovely spots in England to luxuriate in—but that was 'nt the question; what was the use of his growing, if he was not to be eaten? he claimed a vested right in the stomachs of Englishmen. Alas! he did not speak for himself—his days were numbered—but it was the system of sacrificing the luxuries of units, to happiness of thousands, that he complained of—it was a system by which he was a loser—it was ridiculous! he had been a sufferer—it was flagitious! England would have cause to mourn over the extinction of her wild Strawberry. Why could 'nt men eat now what their grandmothers had been but too happy to mumble before them. No! they must run after novelties; he would have them beware of innovations, one HAUTOIS for instance. The speaker closed with some severe reflections on Mr. Willmott. (reiterated cheers.)

GREEN PEAS then rose, and in a small voice, complained of being forced into the market at a season when his forefathers used to be still in the flower of their youth. I suppress some observations made by this speaker on being debarred from the pleasures and attractions of the garden.

ONION then begged to rise. (A voice, "Onion, you're always a-rising.") Onion however proceeded in a manner that brought tears into the eyes of all present.

One CRAB, a little ill-favoured personage, then got on his stalk. He stated himself to come of a branch of an almost extinct family: he was remarkably sharp and pungent in his observations on the neglect with which he was now treated; he whose name occupied so distinguished a place in the annals of old England—(here the gentleman quoted Shakespeare, in support of his position)—he who, whatever his enemies might say, was so celebrated for the sweetness of his disposition and intrinsic worth. ("Oh, oh!" from a knot of jolly young pippins who had insinuated themselves into the meeting.) He would ask why the insipid CODLING, a fellow of "no mark or likelihood," or the rascally RUSSET, that booby in a brown coat, should find more favour than himself. Neither did he care a fig for the mongrel PEARMAIN. He denounced the fate of all the empires that ever fell, upon England for her desertion of Crab. He should move that a protection duty be laid on all other apples: it was no consequence that people made wry mouths at him; it was a symptom of bad taste, which time would eradicate.

FIG arose to express his wonderment at the personal allusion to himself in the speech of his honourable friend. He would appeal to the meeting, as to which of the two, APPLE or himself, had done the best service to the human race, as far as histories went. He called on CRAB to explain.

CRAB must decline explaining; what he had said, he had said. It was well known that he it was who first introduced FIG and his friends into public life.—High words ensued, and both parties were ordered into the custody of the proper officers.

SUMMER CABBAGE and RED CABBAGE rose together, but they spent the time allotted to speaking in a squabble as to priority. There was much ill blood also displayed between worthy "Master MUSTARD-SEED" and his old rival, one CHARLOCK; MUSTARD was evidently very hot-headed.

MEDLAR next caught the eye of the Chairman. As time was pressing, he would trouble them with a few observations on the change of seasons in England. (Cries of "Question!" and "Go on!") He would be d—d if he'd go on. They must account for the change of climate themselves! MEDLAR sat down evidently much mortified.

The Chairman then arose, and, previously to moving any of the important questions to be submitted, he must be allowed to express his utter abhorrence of those hot beds of corruption, those nurseries of all that is bad, in which jackanapes, calling themselves Melons, were constantly reared. He was a lover of the breath of heaven, and would own himself a very Persian in his adoration of the sun. He was sure he spoke the sentiments of his worthy friend CUCUMBER, whom he had the honour to face.

A variety of resolutions were then put and carried *non con.*; said resolutions to be moulded into a petition and presented to the Commons House by any one of the elderly gentlemen before mentioned, who has a seat.

After the Chairman had retired, Deputy-chair CUCUMBER took his place, and proceeded, in a lengthy harangue, to prove the ability of the worthy Chairman—and his own eloquence. In proof, he said, of the respectability of the meeting, he needed only to remind those present of their honourable President, Alderman MELON, whose propriety of conduct and high connections were unimpeachable. In proceeding, the speaker had occasion to direct all eyes to the galleries, in an appeal to their fair occupants, when—shall I proceed—the object of his commendation was observed seated in very familiar chat with Mademoiselle ORLEANS, the ripe young plum! This proceeding of MELON's was taken in high dudgeon by the meeting—it was derogatory! it was indecorous! ELDER-BERRY was observed to look black, and LOVE-APPLE turned pale. A tremendous uproar ensued; in the course of which, your reporter was discovered, and unmasked, and a shower of NUTS fell on his pericranium, like hail on the glass of a green-house. What followed is unknown; but it is presumed that gentler councils prevailed in your Reporter's behalf.

\* Keeper of the church moveables and sacred vessels.



he had the satisfaction to find himself this morning in his own bed!

He begs to subscribe himself, Sir,

Your devoted and obedient servant,

T. R.

Any further steps taken in this affair shall be instantly communicated.

## ENJOYMENTS AND OBSTACLES;

OR HOW TO MAKE CHEAP PLEASURES COST DEAR TO ALL PARTIES.

"Quid tamen ista velit sibi fabula?"

(Hor. 5, Sat. 2 lib.)

TRAVELLING on horseback in a remote part of the island, I came one day upon a scene of more than ordinary beauty. A gentle slope in the road gradually unfolded to view a tract of country, of no vast extent indeed, but of a richness and luxuriance not to be surpassed. Spacious meadows divided by hedges full of flowers and song, long fresh grass giving pasture to fat cattle, venerable trees, like aged fathers, spreading forth their charitable arms, and a fine broad river holding its royal course through the midst of all, formed a *tout ensemble* nowhere to be met but in "merry England." Nor was the next object that presented itself less pleasant nor less English. Many of our prospects in this life are observed to begin well, yet "end"—they say, "in smoke;" but there is one prospect which *begins in smoke*, and is nevertheless cheering and delightful from the beginning to the end. This is the approach to a country village. First the smoke, then half a cottage seen through trees, then voices, then a cart, then a red sign across a road, severally confirm the joyful assurance which imparts new spirit to man and horse, as they shorten the distance that separates them from their resting place.

Having reached the inn and refreshed myself, I went out on foot to enjoy the scenery a little more at leisure. After pursuing the line of the road for a short way, I reached an eminence from which I again caught a view of the river, the beautiful pastures on either side, and rich wood beyond. Feeling inclined for a pleasant ramble, I began to look about for a stile or a break in the hedge, by which I might quit the road. But stile there was none, and for the hedge, though I tried at various points to effect a passage, I only succeeded in stinging my hands with the nettles, and tearing my clothes amongst the briers. The sight of a gateway a little further on presently relieved me; I proceeded towards it, but to my disappointment, instead of affording the accommodation I looked for, it was fenced round about with brambles in such a manner as to form a barrier impenetrable as the hedge itself. My spirit of opposition began to be roused; I had *wished* before, now I was *resolved* to get into the fields; at first my idea was simply to saunter along the hedge-row, and listen to the birds, now I began to think of nothing less than piercing the wood, and exploring the banks of the river. And as "where there's a will there's a way," I did not fail to invent the means which the *genius loci* refused, and soon found myself placed within reach of all the beautiful objects I had been admiring.

My first movement was in the direction of the wood, which I felt disposed to visit partly from the heat of the day, and partly for the sake of botanical research. I had only entered it a few minutes, when I heard some rustling among the bushes near to me, and the next moment two men each with a gun in his hand, started up in confusion, and scampering off at full speed, were almost instantly out of sight. Reaching the spot from which they had issued, I found a hare, two rabbits, and a brace or two of partridges on the ground, besides several articles of use lying strewn about, which sufficiently convinced me that the men were poachers who had, no doubt, mistaken me for a gamekeeper, and preferred flight to encounter.

This reminded me that I was myself trespassing, and having no wish to meet with gamekeepers at that moment, nor to be convicted of poaching on circumstantial evidence, I retreated whence I came, and taking another course, made towards a long sloping field which I saw at some distance, and from which I promised myself I should behold some points of the prospect to peculiar advantage. So I should if I could have obtained entrance to it, but upon a nearer approach, I found it was separated from me by a stone wall mounted with broken glass. As I stood looking up in disappointment at this mortifying obstruction, I caught the voices of two boys at the other side talking to one another in a low tone, and from the few words I could overhear, I found they were secretly discussing and arranging the best means of capturing something—but whether birds-nests or apples, I could not ascertain.

Proceeding along by the side of the wall, I reached the river. Here two objects caught my attention; the first was a crowd of little naked boys, some in the water, some running about on the banks, some dressing; and the second was a printed board, on which "Notice was given that all persons found bathing in that part of the river," and so forth, should be "punished with the utmost rigour of the law." The boys did not appear to see me, and really they were in such evident enjoyment of perfect happiness that I wished them not to see me, for fear they should take me for the author of that awful proclamation, and be put to flight in consequence. Therefore I evaded their notice, and pursued the river in the contrary direction.

Having proceeded the distance of about half a mile, I came in sight of an angler who was seated in full employ, with all the nicety of his amusement about him, and so absorbed in what he was doing that I came close behind him without his perceiving me. "What sport, to day?" I said, by way of opening the conversation. Taken by surprise, he gave such a start that I thought he would have tumbled into the water. Upon seeing me, his face, at first full of perplexity, relaxed into an easier expression, and upon my begging that I might not disturb him, he said, "Oh no, sir, you don't disturb me. I perceive you are a stranger," and he resumed his rod. But his manner convinced me that he was where he had no business to be, and that when surprised by my approach he had imagined he was detected. He probably anticipated that I should make this inference, for he presently urged me with many entreaties to accept of some fish, which I could not help looking upon as a kind of hush-money.

It was now getting late, and I began to turn my steps towards the inn, following the directions of my friend the angler, who took the greatest pains to oblige me, and gave me all possible instruction respecting lanes and fields. Nevertheless I experienced all the same kind of difficulties and obstructions on my return that had beset me before. High fences, fortified gates, stone walls, broken glass, &c., that might almost make one suppose the country was invaded by an enemy, encountered me in all directions. Having made my way through one of the inclosures, I just perceived, as I was leaving it, that "spring-guns and man traps" were "set in these grounds," and had to be grateful for having neither been killed nor maimed for life, in the course of my walk. It was nine o'clock when I reached the inn, where, after paying a visit to the manger, I sat down to my own supper, in company with two or three other persons; my host soon added himself to the party, of which I was not sorry, since he seemed as willing to give information as I was to receive it.

"Yours is a beautiful part of the country," I said.

"Yes, sir; our travellers always admire it."

"But it seems we are only intended to peep and go on," I continued; "I never saw grounds so determinedly closed up, so hermetically sealed against all entrance."

"Why, sir, there's plenty of fences and such like," said my host, "but between ourselves I don't see much use they are of, for our people hereabouts are a queer set; night or day never out of the preserves, always after mischief, and my lord might as well try to shut the birds out of his park as them."

In reply to my inquiries, he informed me that the surrounding lands were divided between two proprietors, a noble earl and an M. P., whose estates joined each other; that they were both of them considered proud and oppressive masters; were rigid conservators of every exclusive right, and immoderately severe to all offenders.

"Nevertheless, now, I think there's not so much poaching in all the rest of the county as there is three miles round my house," said my host.

"Nor so much sheep-stealing," said a little fat man, who sat smoking his pipe in an opposite corner.

"Nor so much trout caught without a license," exclaimed another person.

"Nor so many corn fields trampled down," added a farmer.

"Nor so much mischief done altogether," summed up my host.

The same night I was roused out of my sleep by a noise in the house, and upon inquiring in the morning what had been the cause of the disturbance, learnt that some travellers had called to give information that murder had been committed in the neighbourhood, and it was subsequently found that a desperate affray had taken place between a party of poachers and two gamekeepers, in which a man had been killed on both sides, and a third lay so grievously wounded that his life was despaired of.

Next day I proceeded on my journey.—I had travelled without stopping ever since an early hour, and it was now evening, a glowing autumnal sun almost verging on the horizon, when on reaching the summit of a steep hill I again came in for a prospect which seized me with delight. But the character of the scenery was in every respect totally different from that before which I had paused the previous day. Instead of highly cultivated grounds and rich plantations, a wild expanse of heath lay before me, without a single vestige of human life or human habitation, but beautiful in its rudeness, and glorious in its freedom. All hill and dale, you could fancy that the sea during a storm had been suddenly transmuted with all its waves into so much solid land. Heath and fern and the mountain violet, and the little harebell were to be seen on every side mingling their pleasant company, and what contributed above all to the fine wild character of the scene, various clumps of noble fir trees from different parts of the heath moved their stately heads at one another. The blue margin of distant hills crowned a picture nearly panoramic. I don't know how it was, but I felt no particular desire to stray from my path just then; I say I don't know how, for I own it occurred to me as a strange thing that I should not. The day before, when it was as much as ever I could do to get off the road at all, I seemed to have taken a special fancy for rambling; now, with miles of open country before me, I seemed content to enjoy the prospect without exploring it.

After pausing thus for a few minutes to satiate my admiration, I moved slowly forwards over a little strong

road that crossed the heath, looking to the right and to the left at every step, that nothing in that exquisite scene might escape me. One thing remarkable soon excited my observation; this was the amazing number of hares and rabbits, that sported about the bushes like children in a nursery; nor seemed less trusting, for they frequently came within a yard of me; and one or two of them even ran under the horses' legs. Yet I never attempted to strike them down, nor did I feel any disposition for pursuit, as I do not frequently go after game. I should not think it worth while to remark this circumstance, but that I am obliged to confess, that, on the preceding day, excited, perhaps, by the example of the men whose successful exploits in the wood I had been a witness to, and partly, I fancy, because every prize is "sweeter for the theft," I did aim a blow, though without effect, at a rabbit that sprang up near me. Proceeding a little further I began to catch the delicious music of moving water that more and more audibly bubbled and tumbled until I reached what proved to be a vigorous mountain stream, clear, fresh joyous as youth, in which I counted a greater number of the finest trout and gudgeon within a few seconds than I ever remembered to have seen before. I had sympathized on the former day in the pleasures both of the bathers and the angler, and could very willingly have joined either of them; but, ample as the means of indulgence now were, it so happened that I did not experience the same inclination. I seemed to be too grateful for all that I might do, to do any thing.

I had now nearly cleared the heath, and was approaching a few humble dwellings that lay on the borders of it, when I came up with a hearty intelligent-looking old man, whom I found binding faggots on the road-side.

"Good evening, father," I said, "I presume you belong to this hamlet; if so, I could wish to follow your employment for the sake of its situation."

"It is a pleasant country, sir," he replied.

"Aye, that it is," said I, "and what a famous rabbit warren you have got, and what a famous trout stream! Yet one thing strikes me as very remarkable; pray tell me, is the heath always so free from visitors as I see it to-day? I should have expected it would be filled with people from morning till night, considering all that it affords; instead of which I have not met a single human being for the last four miles. But it is not usually so, I fancy?"

"Why, sir, you see, we are rather lonely," said he, "I don't think more than a dozen people come over the heath all the week through. To be sure there's a few sporting gentlemen generally visit us for a few days in the season, and we pick up a little money amongst us by serving them with victuals and things, but there's nobody comes about here, sir, in a regular way."

After a few further inquiries I parted from the old man, and getting into the main road again, started off at a round pace in hopes to reach the next town before nightfall.

But may not this example, thought I when I had leisure to reflect, furnish an evidence in favour of that liberty, which is only demanded rudely because it is withheld arrogantly? Is it in the nature of men to commit outrages when in a state of enjoyment? No. Then make men happy, and fear not to make them free. Our desires increase in an inverse ratio to their indulgence.

A pleasure hung out of our reach, acquires to our imagination a new and peculiar excellence, a relish that it had not before; the wish grows to a want, the want becomes a necessity. Let those who are in authority show themselves intent upon opposing our inclinations, and the result is, that we are incited to seek after and to demand much more than we should otherwise have thought of. A mighty power, that ought to sleep, was awakened the other day; that popular indignation, which could not be long withstood. The machinations of its opposers were set at naught, their threats were laughed at, their power openly defied, and we all know the consequences. It is the same in small things as in great. Let blessings which can be bestowed on all, be liberally bestowed, and they will be enjoyed peacefully and in moderation. Where much is granted, little is abused. We are a fidgety and fanciful people: therefore, while we hear of privileges and advantages that are not for us, we set no bounds to our opinion of their importance; we are likewise a determined and powerful people, therefore, when we have set our hearts upon an object, no matter what it is, that object, by hook or crook, cost us what it may, we follow and obtain; but, lastly, we are a just and reasonable people; therefore, when we see we are in possession of our proper comforts and our proper freedom, we shall know we have got all that we need have, and feel no desire left but to live together in peace and obey the laws. Readers of the London Journal; is it not so?

\* Multorum odils nullas opes posse obsistere." Cic. de off.

\*\* We are sorry that the length of our abstract of an entire work, this week, has thrown it out of our present number.

## TABLE-TALK.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—In her evasive answers to the commons in reply to their petitions to her majesty to marry, she has employed an energetic word. "Were I to tell you that I did not mean to marry, I might say less than I did intend; and were I to tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know; therefore I give you an answer, Answerless!—D'Israeli.

**A PEDIGREE OF SOME STANDING.**—The newspapers speak of a descendant of the great Chinese philosopher Confucius, now living at the remote period from his ancestors of nearly 2400 years! for Confucius was contemporary with Pythagoras! Socrates came a little after him. Here is a pedigree! When this gentleman hears of the old families in Europe, he must look upon them as people of yesterday. He is a magistrate of the humbler order, but has no other rank. His descent, however, is so much respected, that whenever he visits the neighbouring town, the governor orders the gates to be thrown open; an honour, which the worthy magistrate has the modesty to decline.

**IVY DOES NOT MAKE HOUSES DAMP.**—I was some time in the last summer, with a number of others, inspecting the repairs of a public building from the western gable of which (by the way, the part most exposed in our climate to rain and storm) a complete covering of ivy, of several years growth, had been unnecessarily just cut and torn down; when I observed that this was a most unwise and uncalled for proceeding. At my opinion respecting it, the gentlemen present expressed surprise, saying that it must occasion internal damp; all, with the exception of one, who agreeing in opinion with me, said that the driest part of his house was that which was many years covered with ivy, and that it was evident that this must be the case, as the inside part of the ivy by the wall was covered with cobwebs, and just as dry in the wettest weather as the back of a stove; which, as I then and frequently before observed, was a natural consequence easily accounted for, from the self-evident facts, that the ivy leaves, hanging one over another from the ground to its highest points of ascent, not only prevent the rain beating against the wall, but carry away the drip from it, and that the small clasping fibres which the ivy shoots into the crevices of the wall to support its ascent, acting like so many roots thirsting for the nourishment of moisture, must draw away any occasional damp which the walls might be naturally supposed to imbibe or attract from the earth or the atmosphere. In addition to the foregoing observations, I shall merely say, that the wall of the room in which I sleep, which is exposed to the north-west, and was some years since exceedingly damp, being neither externally plastered, rough-cast, nor weather-slatted, is, for the few last years, since nature has clothed it in a delightful evergreen coat of ivy, perfectly dry: nay, even the glass and frame of the upper window-sash, which I suffered the ivy to cover for a year or two, I found, on removing it, in the last summer, covered with dry dust and cobwebs, and without the smallest appearance of having ever been wet through their verdant cloak.—Communicated by Charles A. Drew, Esq., to the *Magazine of Botany and Gardening*, edited by Professor Rennie.

**The Sugar Cane in Leicestershire.**—A friend, lately returned from a journey in the North, informs us, that in sinking for coal at a mine on the estate of Mr. Stevenson, the celebrated engineer, at Whitwick, in Leicestershire, a very curious and perfect specimen of petrified sugar-cane has been dug up, having all the knots and marks of the reed perfectly obvious to sight. We have ourselves seen a small fragment of it, which, except in point of colour and substance, seems to have lost little of its original nature in the course of transformation. This is another evidence added to the many that have been before adduced, in favour of the theory, now pretty generally adopted, we believe, which makes this world to have undergone an imperceptible revolution in the course of ages, gradually converting the character of its various climates from hot to cold, and from cold to hot, and thus more and more shifting its axis, until, for aught we know, Arctic and Antarctic may change places, sandy deserts harden into a surface for the reception of Polar bears; icebergs melt into streams that shall float the negro's bark; and, all this may have happened before! The shadows of B'itons may not always have fallen to the north. At any rate, it appears unquestionable that this country did once enjoy a larger share of the sun's favours than it does at this day; that things grew and creatures lived in the land, which now grow and live far to the South, and which shrink from the present climate of England, whenever a reconciliation is attempted, as if "auld acquaintance was forgot." All things seem to tend to this conviction, and the above is a further testimony in its favour. Let us hope that if the world is thus turned about to the sun, and geniality toasted in successive quarters all round, a time may come, in the progress of ages and the stars (which are also understood to be moving forward somewhere) when the globe we live on shall be completely done; not in the present bad sense of the word, but the good old toasting one; and that the earth, knowledge, and happiness will be all ripe together. We may arrive, however, at that consummation without all being tropical.

**A COMPLETE, YET PUZZLING ANSWER.**—"Did you or did you not speak of me, sir, the other night?" said a peremptory gentleman to a fellow collegian, (now eminent in the state.) "I did or did not speak of you," said the respondent.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

On the First of May,

#### THE SHILLING MAGAZINE.

Advertisements intended for insertion in this Magazine, to be sent to J. C. Picken, Bookseller, King William Street, West-strand.

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On Saturday, April 19, will be published,

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1. An Address to the Subscribers to the Windsor and Eton Public Library. By SIR J. F. W. HERSCHELL, K. G. H.—2. An Address to the Subscribers to the same Institution. By CHARLES KNIGHT.—3. An Introductory Lecture, delivered at the opening of the Sydney Mechanical School of Arts, New South Wales, April 23rd, 1833. By the REV HENRY CARMICHAEL, A. M.—4. Mercantile Lecture delivered before the Mercantile Association of New York in 1832. By JULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

Also,

**THE PRINTING MACHINE, OR COMPANION TO THE LIBRARY**, No. IV. Price 4d. Containing—

1. Address.—2. Spain.—3. Miss Austen's Novels.—4. On the Connexion of the Physical Sciences. By Mrs. Somerville.—5. Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse.—6. Curiosities of Literature. By J. D'Israeli, Esq., D. C. L., F. S. A.—7. History of the Revolution in England in 1688. By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh.—8. History of the Middle and Working Classes.—9. Brief Notices of New Books.—10. Miscellany of Facts.

London:—CHARLES KNIGHT, 22, Ludgate Street.

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